

## Betrayed to The Spanish

By SAMUEL LOVELACE

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Three men had lain down to sleep in a Cuban jungle—three men in ragged uniforms and unkempt in appearance to the last degree. Two of them wore bandages over fresh wounds, and the third looked gaunt and starved and slept as if sleep had not come to them for several nights before. It was 8 o'clock when they threw themselves down among the land crabs, with the evening air swarming with mosquitoes, and it was an hour after midnight when one of them awoke and softly crawled over to another and whispered in his ear:

"Diaz, awake! It is time!"

"Is the Yankee sound asleep?" asked the other as he sat up.

"He sleeps like a pig. Things could not be better for us."

The two moved away like serpents through the rank grass and jungle until they had covered a hundred feet, and then they stood up and made their way swiftly along in the direction of the Spanish lines.

There were plenty of American adventures in the ranks of the patriots—men whose sympathies were on the right side and who ran the blockade and joined the insurgents to fight for them as they had fought for the Union years before. Such men were at first given the hand of welcome, but when their dash and bravery had earned them promotion there were envy and jealousy to be reckoned with.

The man left lying alone in the jungle was Tom Warner, good natured, reckless and careless. Here, where he had been fighting for six months, nearly always on scout duty, he was called Captain Warner. He had a commission from Garcia, but the title was a barren one. He had furnished his own weapons and clothing and had never drawn a penny from what facetiously might be termed the insurgent treasury. He had won praise and admiration for a time, and then jealousy crept in to make certain men hope in secret that the Spaniards might make him captive. They had heard of the Yankee fighter—aye, and felt his blows—and they had said that they would give him no quarter if they were lucky enough to capture him. He had sent back a message of defiance and gone his way, and it never once entered his mind that some of the men whose battles he was assisting to fight might betray him.

"So you wish to surrender yourselves and at the same time put the Yankee into my hands?" asked the colonel into whose presence they were conducted from the picket post.

"Si, Senor Colonel. We wish to fight against our good friends the Spaniards no longer, and in surrendering we place in your hands one who has killed many of your brave men. The reward shall be what you will."

The colonel looked at them for a moment in contempt. The Spaniard is bloodthirsty and cruel in wartime, but he also has a code of honor. He might condescend to play the spy, but he would not condescend to betray for money.

Each one of the men was handed a five dollar gold piece and ordered to report to the officer of the day, and the colonel wrote a few lines and dispatched them by his orderly and lay down to sleep.

Two hours later he heard the sergeant's squad that had been sent out coming back with their prisoner, but he turned over and slept again. It would be time enough to settle with the Spaniards in the morning. The squad had been guided to the place where the captain still slumbered, and he had been made a prisoner without resistance.

"And so, American, you are here, fighting among the rebels against our king!" sneered the colonel when he had eaten his breakfast and the prisoner stood before him.

"I am fighting for the independence of Cuba," was the quiet reply.

"The independence of a mob of dogs! However, that makes no difference. You are not one of them. You have no right here. You may have a commission, but I do not recognize it. No rebel dog has authority to issue commissions. You know your fate, senor?"

"I believe you sent me word only a month ago that you would shoot me without trial if I had the misfortune to be captured."

"And rest assured I shall do so. No; I will not shoot you; I will hang you. You are a spy, and you shall die by the rope."

"On what day and hour?" was the calm inquiry.

"Days and hours!" thundered the colonel as he showed his teeth at his prisoner. "I have no days and hours for the hanging of such as you. I string them up at my own convenience. At 10 o'clock—an hour and a half from now—you shall dance on nothing!"

"Very well, colonel," said Tom as he saluted and fell back and was marched away by his guard.

"He is a brave man," mused the colonel later on, "but he defied me. Yes, I will hang him, and I will make him afraid before he is swung off. When the dogs of renegades hear how he died, begging for his life, it will be a lesson to be heeded. He is hungry and thirsty, but he shall neither eat nor drink before the execution."

The force under the colonel comprised about 400 men. Orders were sent out to parade, all but the sentinels, under arms at 10:15, and a corporal was detailed to see to the erection of a gallows. His work was not arduous or lengthy. A small tree trunk was

passed from the crotch of one tree to another and a noosed rope tied to its center. The prisoner would be placed on a pork barrel—an American pork barrel for the grim irony—and it would be kicked from under him.

At the hour named by the colonel the troops were under arms and formed a three sided square around the gallows. Then the prisoner was brought out. His elbows were tied behind him, and in his contempt for the Cubans who had sold their officer the colonel ordered the two men to march with the condemned man and act as his executioners. They had sold a man for money, but when it came to playing the part of hangmen they rebelled. They hung back, but the colonel ordered the lash applied.

When the prisoner was led under the noosed rope the colonel faced him and made him a butt of ridicule. He pointed at his ragged, starved looks, at his unkempt appearance, and the soldiers in line laughed. From ridicule he turned to sarcasm and thence to abuse and revilement, and during the long half hour the prisoner faced him calmly without a word. There were not ten men in the lines who did not feel a secret admiration for him. The colonel had failed to shake his nerve, and, chagrined and angered, he ordered one of the deserters to place the barrel and the other to assist the prisoner to mount.

Then it was that one of the betrayers felt the stings of conscience. He was the one who was placing the barrel. He knew what he was going to do would bring him perhaps a more cruel death than that designed for his captain, but he did not hesitate. Like a flash he whipped out a knife and cut the prisoner's bonds, and, though taken by surprise, Captain Tom bounded away toward the forest.

In his excitement the colonel called upon the lines to fire and ran after the fleeing man. A volley was let go, and when the smoke cleared away the colonel lay dead on the ground, the victim of twenty bullets.

For a moment every soldier seemed dumb and without power to move. Then there were shouts and yells, and the lines broke and became a mob. When order was restored the renegades were no longer in sight. The jungle sheltered them and the captain they had betrayed.

"Poor devils!" the released man said. "I don't blame you much. It's a hard road to liberty, and a man has to be something more than a fishworm to win it."

Charming the Ants.  
The mistress of a house in India has to deal with strange servants, picturesque creatures whose minds are bent at every point by the traditions of caste or custom. Chota Chankidar was a tiny night watchman employed by Cornelia Sorabji because he had chosen that occupation. But by day he helped her do her gardening and after burying seeds would rush eagerly next morning to see if green leaves were showing.

When the little green things were really up there came white ants to eat them, and it was Chota Chankidar who found a remedy.

"It behooves us to call a magic man," he said. "He will say charms to the white ants, not forgetting to use some black tar and such things which are deadly to the ant people."

"Could not you and I use the black tar and such things, Chota Chankidar?" asked the mistress humbly.

"Maybe. But we could not say the words."

"But we will say words of our own." He thought for a moment and then shook his head with melancholy energy. "No, no, Miss Sahib! The father-grandfather words are best always, and our father-grandfathers always called the magic men to this like trouble. Besides," he added apologetically, "of course, though we people know better than the magic men, the ant people are senseless and would not understand our language."

So the ant people were exterminated with appropriate ceremonies.

No Twilight in Mexico.  
There is almost no twilight in Mexico. You watch the sun, a blazing orb, descending with growing swiftness and wreathed in a veil of fire toward the horizon. Around the air is amber tinted, glowing. Suddenly it begins to drop behind the distant mountains, and the shadows advance across the plain, swallowing up the landscape in mellow gloom. The shadow draws near and nearer—envelops the town. Behind you the sky is still lit up with the rosy beams. A line of shadow creeps swiftly up the rugged sides of old Popocatepetl, obscuring completely the base of the mountain as it advances. Up, up the snow capped crest, deepening in tint until at last it hangs like a great opal against the darkening sky. A moment it remains so, glowing and quivering as if on fire—grows smaller and is gone. Night has come.

Through the dusky silence you seek four hotel, passing on the roadside silent figures, fagot laden. "Adios, senor." Their soft voiced greeting falls upon your ear like a benediction.—Lee W. Ziegler in Recreation.

Through, but Kept Going.  
A long winded member of the Massachusetts legislature was delivering a political address in a town not far from Boston, and the village folk gathered in the town hall to hear it.

He had been speaking quite awhile when suddenly an old Scotchman arose and walked out of the hall. At the door one of his countrymen was waiting with his back to the orator to the station.

"Is he done yet, Sandy?" asked the Scot on the box.

The old man turned about.

"Aye," said he; "he's done lang ago, but he will na stop."

## OFF FOR NORTH POLE.

The Roosevelt, With Peary and His Party, Leaves New York.

New York, July 17.—Lieut. Robert E. Peary Sunday started on his long journey in quest of the north pole. His ship, the Roosevelt, which had been lying in the North river, opposite Thirtieth street, since Saturday night, weighed anchor and got under way at ten minutes after 3 in the afternoon.

On board the vessel, besides the explorer's party, were a number of guests and newspaper men, who accompanied the ship as far as Sandy Hook, where they were taken off by a navy yard tug sent out by Admiral Goughlan. A launch bearing a party of excursionists attempted to run close alongside of the Roosevelt after she was under way, and nearly collided with her. The Roosevelt was saluted by all manner of steam and sailing craft on her way to sea. She passed out the narrows at 4:45 p. m.

Capt. Peary was not on board, but started last night by rail for Sydney, Cape Breton, where he will join the ship.

## GEN. BLACKMAR DEAD.

Commander-in-Chief of G. A. R. Passes Away in Idaho.

Boise, Idaho, July 17.—Gen. W. W. Blackmar, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., died Sunday of intestinal nephritis.

Gen. Blackmar's wife was with him during his illness. The body will be embalmed and taken to the home of the family in Boston.

Gen. Blackmar arrived here on July 10 on an inspection tour of Grand Army posts throughout the northwest. He was ill when he arrived and gradually failed.

The seriousness of his condition was kept from the public at the request of his wife.

## SWAM NIAGARA RAPIDS.

Two Men Perform the Remarkable feat at the Same Time.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 18.—Charles D. Graham of this city and William J. Glover, Jr., of Baltimore, Md., successfully swam the lower rapids of the Niagara river from the American side of the whirlpool to Lewiston Monday afternoon. The distance of four miles was covered in twenty-six minutes by Glover.

The start was made at 4:02 p. m. from Flat Rock, which is on the American side. The swimmers did not venture in the upper rapids, where Capt. Webb lost his life.

Both men wore life belts and inflated rubber rings around their necks.

## ROOF COLLAPSED.

Sixteen Women and Fifty Children Killed in Fermo, Italy.

Fermo, Italy, July 17.—The roof of the chapel of the Woman's hospital fell in Sunday morning during the celebration of mass, killing sixteen women and fifty children and injuring sixteen women and a large number of children. The injured have been taken from the ruins.

Venezuela Paying Up.  
Caracas, Venezuela, July 18.—The Venezuelan government has paid to the British and German legations 2,797,953 bolivars, being the first six months' installment due under the contract recently signed for the conversion of the foreign debt of Venezuela. The contract referred to provides for the issue of 3 per cent bonds to the amount of 132,049,925 bolivars, gold, redeemable within forty-seven years.

## GENERAL MARKETS.

Wednesday, July 19.

DETROIT.—Wheat: No. 1 white, 90c; No. 2 red, 90c; July, 87c; Sept., 85c; Dec., 85c. Corn—No. 3 mixed, 57c; No. 2 yellow, 57c. Oats—No. 3 white, 57c. Rye—August, 62c. Beans—July, \$1.87; Oct., \$1.80. Clover—Oct., \$5.65.

CHICAGO.—Wheat: July, 85c; Sept., 83c; Dec., 85c. Corn—July, 57c; Sept., 55c. Oats—July, 30c; Sept., 29c. Pork—Sept., \$12.95. Lard—Sept., \$12.22. Ribs—Sept., \$7.92.

## Live Stock Markets.

DETROIT.—Cattle: Choice steers, \$5.50; light to good butcher steers and heifers, 700 to 900 lb., \$2.75 to \$3.75; mixed butcher's fat cows, \$2.50 to \$3.50; common bulls, \$2.25 to \$3.25; common feeders, \$2.75 to \$3.25. Veal calves, \$4.50 to \$6.50 per cwt. Milch cows and springers, \$5.50 to \$6.50. Best lambs, \$7.50 to \$8; fair to good lambs, \$6.50 to \$7; yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.50; fair to good butcher sheep, \$2.75 to \$4; culled and common, \$2.25 to \$2.50. Hogs—Light to good butchers, \$5.50 to \$5.70; pigs, \$5.50 to \$5.65; light Yorkers, \$5.60 to \$5.65.

CHICAGO.—Cattle: Good to prime steers, \$5.50 to \$6; poor to medium, \$3.75 to \$5.25; cows, \$2.50 to \$5.70; heifers, \$2.25 to \$5.25; bulls, \$2 to \$4. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$5.70 to \$5.95; good to choice hogs, \$5.45 to \$5.70; light, \$5.75 to \$5.80. Sheep—Good to choice wethers, \$5.25 to \$5.75; fair to choice mixed, \$4.50 to \$5.25; native lambs, \$5 to \$7.75.

EAST BUFFALO.—Cattle, 10 cars; hold-overs; market very dull; no demand. Hogs, 15 cars; strong; pigs, \$6.15; medium and heavy, \$6.15 to \$6.50. Sheep, dull; best yearlings, \$6 to \$6.25; fair to good, \$5.50 to \$5.75; springers, \$6.75 to \$7; wethers, \$5.25 to \$5.50; ewes, \$4.75 to \$4.50. Calves, lower, \$6.50 to \$6.75.

## THE GRANGE

Conducted by J. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y.  
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

## THE GRANGE A FIXTURE.

Commented by the Master of the West Virginia State Grange.

(Special Correspondence.)

No well informed person will deny that the Order of Patrons of Husbandry has done more for securing for agriculture and the men engaged in it their just and proper recognition than any other single influence, even more than many other influences combined. The grange is now thirty-eight years old, and while in it, as in every other human endeavor, some mistakes have been made, knowledge has been gained from past errors and mistakes are now less frequent. During these years the grange has become stronger and more thoroughly solidified, while numerous other farmers' organizations, societies, leagues and associations have come and gone. Most of them were founded on good intentions and usually a single and frequently an impracticable idea.

The grange is founded on principles as broad as human aspirations and as deep as is possible to human society, touching the basic elements of man's existence and, therefore, is as certain to endure as the government itself. It meets every possible requirement for a farmers' organization. The subordinate grange may become the center of a rural social, educational and co-operative life in any local community. The Pomona or county grange in a somewhat broader field may and does successfully grapple with financial, commercial and co-operative problems. All that can be done in a business way by an association of farmers may be done by the grange, and its long experience and well disciplined leadership safeguard it against many of the disastrous mistakes of newer organizations.

The grange is the only farmers' organization which is national in its character, with a complete system of subordinate organizations reaching into the homes of the people. It is inexpensive and yet it has accumulated a well and safely invested reserve fund of a little less than \$100,000. It has stood the test for thirty-eight years. It is officered by men and women living on their farms who have been disciplined in the school of frugality and good citizenship. "It has exerted the greatest influence in breaking up the isolation of farm life, in making farm life attractive to the boys and girls, bringing sunshine and happiness into the farm home to such an extent as has never before existed."

T. C. ATKESON.

## GOOD ROADS AT \$200 A MILE

An Object Lesson Instituted by an Orange County (N. Y.) Grange.

Walkill River, grange, No. 983, of Orange county, N. Y., discussed the subject of good roads some time ago, and as a result of that discussion the Maple Dale Good Roads club was organized, composed of about twenty-five farmers living west of Middletown, in Orange county. The club has taken the contract from the town of Walkill to improve about four miles of road in accordance with their ideas. The town authorities pay the Good Roads club \$50 per mile, and the balance is contributed by the members and their friends. They claim that for \$200 per mile they can build about as good a road (aside from the cutting of grades) as the state is building at a cost of \$3,000 to \$4,000 per mile. They have two miles already completed and ready for inspection and will soon have the balance finished.

The aim of the club is "to present an object lesson of what can be done in the way of making a good road without the expenditure of so much money as is used in building state and county roads." The road being constructed has always been one of the worst in the country, it is said, and the work of the Good Roads club is attracting a good deal of favorable comment locally. Incidentally it is another evidence of what the grange may do to assist in the solution of the good roads problem.

"Granger" a Good Word.  
The question often arises, "Should we use the word 'granger' in speaking of a member of the grange?" We see no valid objection to its use and good authority for it. The Standard Dictionary defines "granger" as "a member of the farmers' grange or Order of Patrons of Husbandry." Webster's International employs the term and defines it as "a member of the grange." When such good authorities as these make use of the word we shall not hesitate to recommend its use. It is merely a matter of sentiment to oppose it. Some look upon the word "granger" as a term of reproach, but how can it be such when our most enlightened citizens and the best people of the land consider it an honor to belong to the grange? Indeed, we have as members high public officials, even governors of states and senators and assemblymen in large numbers. A more common use of the word "granger" to designate a member of the grange would serve to relieve it of any seeming opprobrium that now attaches to it.

The way new grange halls are going up all over the country is an encouraging sign for the permanency of the organization.

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## ALL FAVOR OLD RATING

State Royal Arcanum Delegates Met Backward in Their Demands.

## LIVELY GATHERING IN DETROIT

Resolutions Adopted Asking That Deficits Be Made Up by Assessments—Committee Chosen to Co-Operate With Other States.

Detroit, Mich., July 19.—"We demand redress of the wrong conveyed in the new rating of the Royal Arcanum, and there will be found legal authority to back us up."

These were the ringing words of C. S. Hampton of Detroit, representing Big Rapids council, No. 174, at the unofficial convention of Royal Arcanum councils of Michigan to protest against the action of the supreme council in making a raise in insurance rates based on present attained age of the members.

Over 100 delegates were at the convention which convened here Tuesday, representing something over half of the eighty-six councils in the state. It was a notable fact that the majority were men under 45 years of age, some under 30. All were burning with the sentiment that the old men should not be made to suffer for the benefit of the new members.

Deery Babcock and Johnson. Disapproval of the action of the supreme council took the form at times of invective against Messrs. Babcock and Johnson, Michigan's representatives who voted for the new rate.

Resolutions were adopted containing the following:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that

"The Royal Arcanum should remain a strictly fraternal assessment order, without going upon a reserve fund basis.

"Any and all assessment rates should be fixed upon the age at entry, and not upon the attained age of members.

"The amendments to the laws of the Royal Arcanum passed at the last annual session of the supreme council, requiring all members of the order to be assessed at their attained ages Oct. 1 next, are unnecessary and unjust and inconsistent with the principles of the order.

"We demand that the said schedule of rates be set aside at a special meeting of the supreme council and that in place of it the former rates be retained and provision made for one or more special assessments each year on all members, to pay any deficiency in the widows and orphans' benefit fund that may occur from time to time, believing that this plan is fair and just to all members."

"To promote the objects of this convention an executive committee of five shall be appointed by this convention to co-operate with similar committees of other grand jurisdictions."

An executive committee was elected consisting of D. R. Crampton, John F. Bible, E. A. Barnes, H. H. Smith and E. C. Roberts.

## WHILE RESCUERS DESATED

Kalamazoo Lad Drowns in Waters of Mill Race.

Kalamazoo, Mich., July 19.—While able swimmers stood 100 yards away and debated who should act, William Curtis, aged 12 years, son of an employee of the Bryant Paper Mill Co., was drowned in the mill race near the paper plant Tuesday afternoon.

With Henry Frick, an older companion, young Curtis was wading in the water, when suddenly he stepped into a deep hole and disappeared. Frick ran to several young men a short distance away and told them of the lad's predicament, but they made no attempt at a rescue.

Frick, badly frightened, then ran home and said nothing about the accident until last night. An hour later the body was taken from eight feet of water.

## Missing Man's Body Found.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., July 17.—The body of Nelson Nolan was found in the power canal Sunday morning. He had been missing over two weeks. Friends believe that he was murdered and thrown into the canal, but the body is in such condition that they are unable to tell how he met his death. Nolan had a fight before he started for home the night of his disappearance.

## Boy Dies of Lockjaw.

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 17.—August Steinko, aged 10 years, died Sunday from tetanus. Two weeks ago, while playing on top of a fence, he fell. A round piece of wood about the size of a cigar was jammed into him near the hip. The wood entered the full length and it was impossible to get it all out. Lockjaw set in and an operation Saturday did not succeed in saving his life. He suffered untold agonies.

## No Race Suicide Here.

Dryden, Mich., July 18.—George W. Holstington, aged 85 years, was buried here Sunday. He leaves seven children, twenty-eight grandchildren and forty-five great-grandchildren, nearly all of whom are residents of this section.

## KIDNEY TROUBLES

Increasing Among Women, But Sufferers Need Not Despair

## THE BEST ADVICE IS FREE

Of all the diseases known, with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal, and statistics show that this disease is on the increase among women.



Mrs. Emma Sawyer.

Unless early and correct treatment is applied the patient seldom survives when once the disease is fastened upon her. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most efficient treatment for kidney troubles of women, and is the only medicine especially prepared for this purpose.

When a woman is troubled with pain or weight in loins, backache, frequent, painful or scalding urination, swelling of limbs or feet, swelling under the eyes, an uneasy, tired feeling in the region of the kidneys or notices a brick-dust sediment in the urine, she should lose no time in commencing treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it may be the means of saving her life.

For proof, read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Sawyer.

"I cannot express the terrible suffering I had to endure. A derangement of the female organs developed nervous prostration and a serious kidney trouble. The doctor attended me for a year, but I kept getting worse, until I was unable to do anything, and I made up my mind I could not live. I finally decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a last resort, and I am today a well woman. I cannot praise it too highly, and I tell every suffering woman about my case." Mrs. Emma Sawyer, Conyers, Ga.

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